

# COMMIES FROM MARS

THE RED PLANET!

No.3  
Adults Only!  
\$1.50



POUND

A YEAR AND A HALF AFTER THE CONQUEST OF PLANET EARTH BY THE MARTIAN INVASION FORCE...



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RESPECTIVE CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS. PUBLISHER - BABA RON  
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\*THE COMMUNIST MARTIAN PROPAGANDA BOARD PRESENTS  
A PROPELLES PRODUCTION



# LIFE ON NEW MARTHIAN EARTH\*

SINCE WE EVENLY ARRIVED ON EARTH, THE STANDARD OF LIVING HAS BEEN GREATLY IMPROVED.

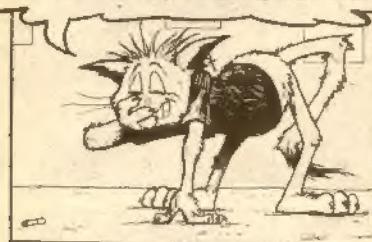
NOW THAT YOUR AUTOS ARE GONE, YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT THE OIL CRISIS.

NO MORE DIFFICULT DECISIONS AT CROWDED SUPER MARKETS. WE TELL YOU WHAT TO EAT.



AND NO LONGER FEAR THE COMMUNISM OF THE UNION UNTO LEAVES THE DISINTEGRATED IT.

...IN FACT THE ONLY GOOD THING THEY'VE DONE WAS SHUT DOWN THE HANNA-BARBERA STUDIOS!



THE GLOBAL CLIMATE CONTROL PROGRAMME HAS HIGHLY

SINCE THE INVASION, ALL ARTISTS AND WRITERS ARE FORCED TO CRANK OUT THIS TRASH FOR THE PROPAGANDA BOARD.



THE COURSES YOU WERE HOLDING

THE CARTOONIST STUCK ME IN HERE TO VOICE THE OPPOSITION, HOPING I'LL BE OVERLOOKED BY THE CENSORS AS A CUTE, COMIC-RELIEF CHARACTER.



PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S DANGEROUS! MY APPEARANCE HERE COULD GET HER IN DEEP TROUBLE WITH THE BOARD...

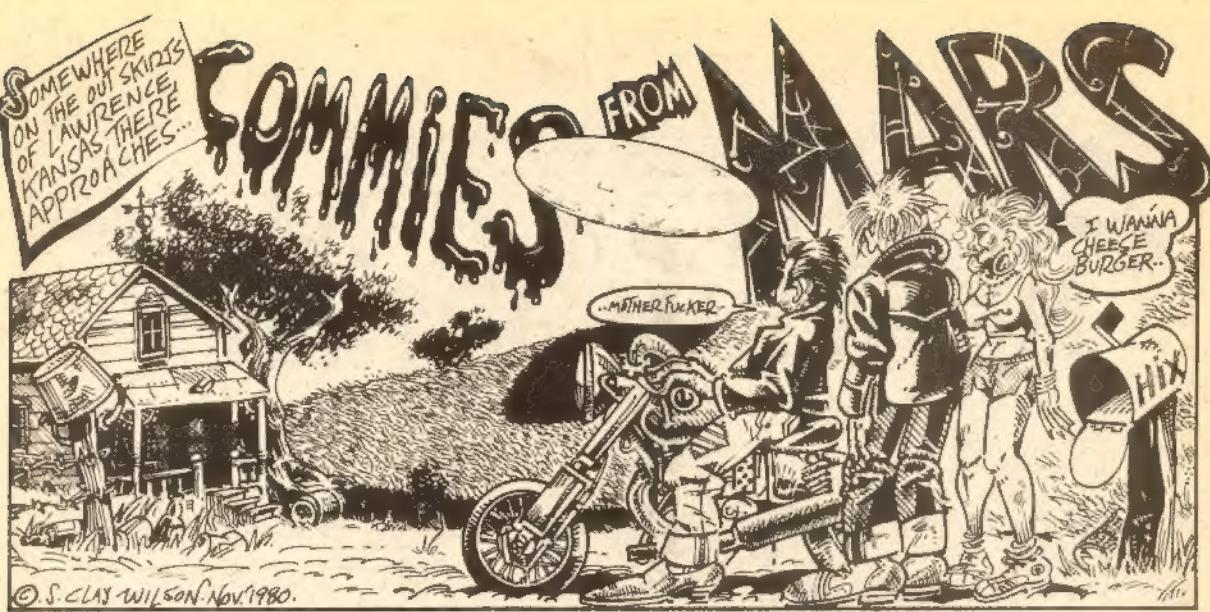


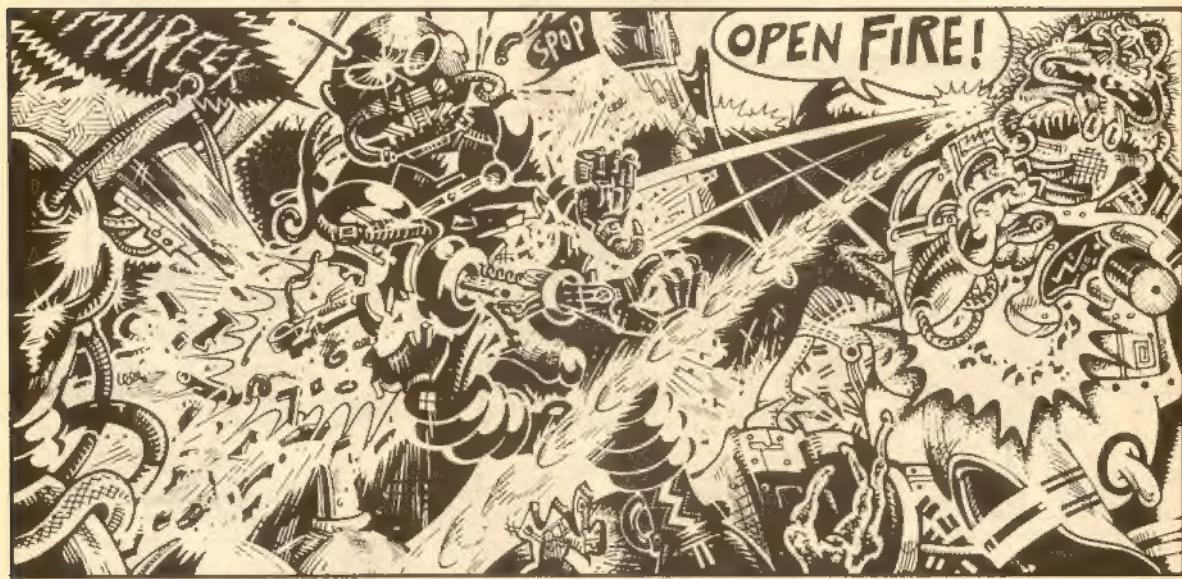
...BUT THEN... SHE HASN'T BEEN QUITE THE SAME SINCE THEY DEFOLIATED SOUTH AMERICA.



THIS STRIP WILL CONTINUE AS SOON AS ARTIST IS REPROGRAMMED

COMMUNIST MARTIAN PROPAGANDA BOARD.



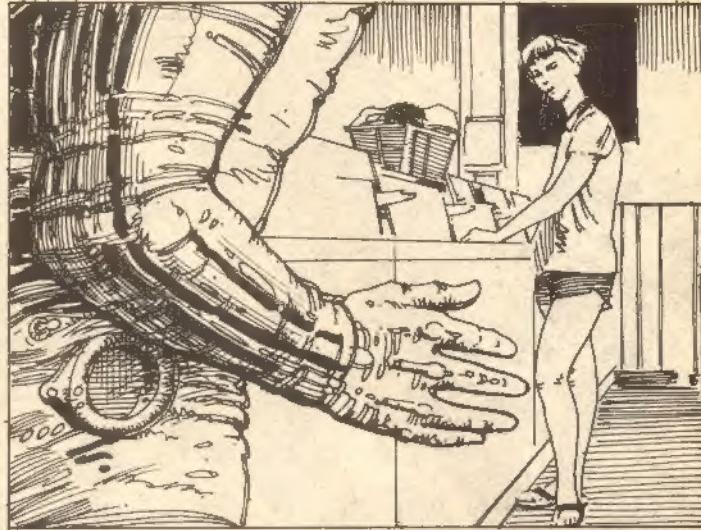




CLEANLINESS IS NEXT  
TO GOODNESS. SURE!  
TELL THAT TO A MARTIAN  
AND A JANITOR WHOSE  
ATTEMPTS TO COME  
CLEAN LEFT THEM BOTH...



# WASHED UP

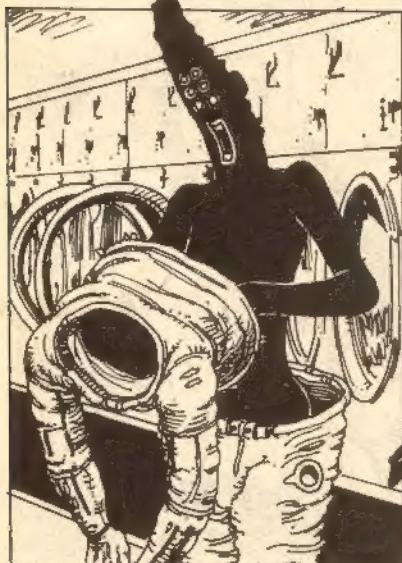
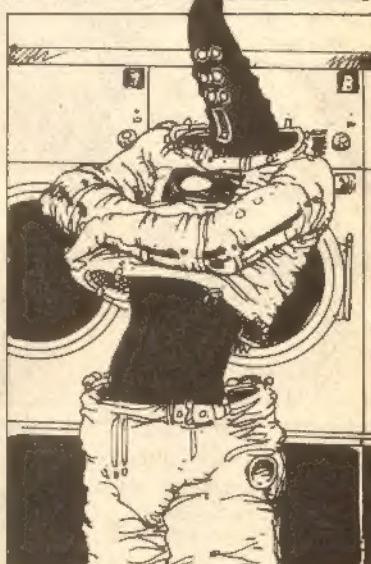
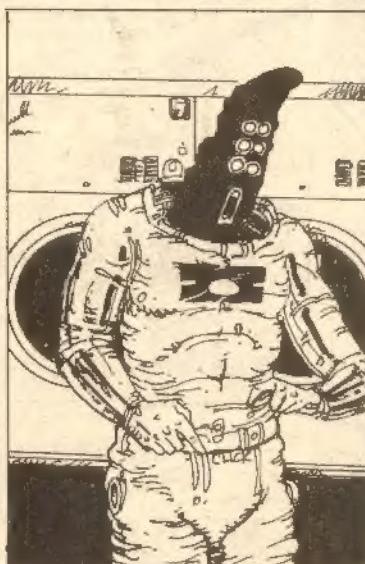


NO... I MEANT...

I KNOW WHAT YOU  
MEANT. NO. NOONE  
IS USING IT!

THANKS!

DON'T MENTION IT...





MISMATCHED TECHNOLOGIES...

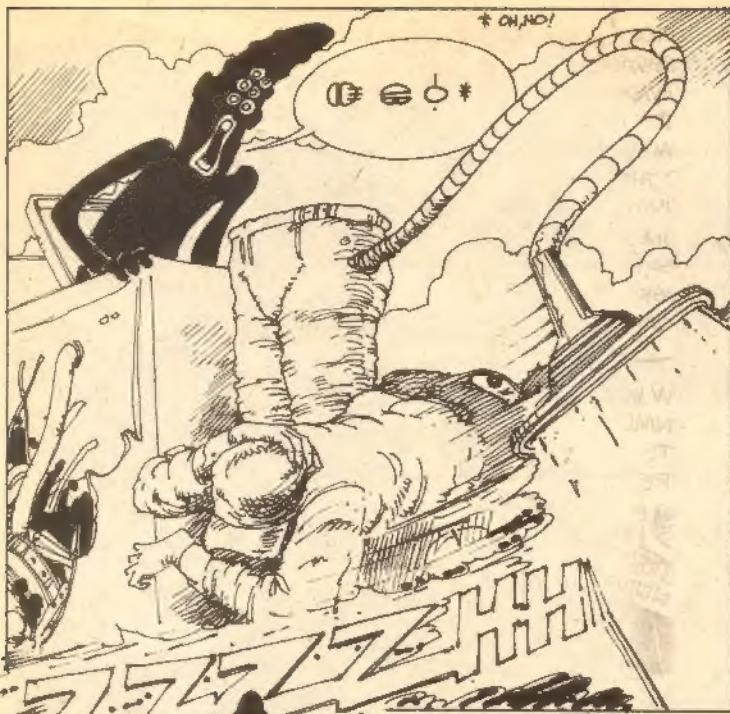
ON THE RAMPAGE... THE  
LASHING MOTION OF A  
VACUUM HOSE...

AND A CITY BEGINS TO  
DISINTEGRATE...

NOTICING AN ABNORMALLY  
LENGTHY PAUSE IN THE  
WASH CYCLE...

A MAN CROUCHES NEXT TO A WASHER,  
FROZEN WITH FEAR... INSIDE A MARTIAN  
SOAKS... OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING BUT  
THE SUDS AND THE WARMTH, UNTIL...





ABOUT ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE GOOD OL' U.S.A. AFTER THE 3RD (AND LAST) MARTIAN ASSAULT IN AUG 1993 WAS NEBRASKA (ALL OF IT FR'CHRIST-ANES!), ABOUT 270 SQ. MILES OF NEVADA THIS UNFORTUNATELY MOSTLY INCLUDED THE NEVADA NUCLEAR TEST SITE WHICH THE U.S. MILITARY HAD TURNED INTO A RADIOACTIVE WASTE-LAND LONG BEFORE THE MARTIANS EVER SHOWED THEIR FACES!! ON EARTH, AND SOME PORTIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO!!

EARTH WAS DEFEATED - MOST OF IT BURNED TO A CRISP LIKE THE U.S., AND MOST OF ITS INHABITANTS CRISPY CRITTERS. SO, FROM THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL HEADQUARTERS IN McCOOK, NEBRASKA, PRES. GEORGE BUSH THREW IN THE TOWEL AND AMERICA AWAITED THE...

IN SAN FRANCISCO'S FAMED NORTH BEACH AREA...

IF THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY STILL EXISTED IT WOULD LOOK AND SMELL LIKE THIS!



BUT NOW IN NORTH BEACH ENVIRONMENT I SAMPLE DELIGHTS OF HUMANOID PLEASURE !!



© RIPP '80

TELL ME ROTUND HUMAN, WHAT EXOTIC DRINK THIS BE?



## GULP-GULP

673 DRINKS LATER...

WHEN DO I GET OFF ON EARTHLY JOY JUICE?

YER EATING ME OUT OF BUSINESS!!

MAYBE YOU SHOULD MOVE ON, BIG-GREEN N' UGLY!

OKAY PILGRIM GOTTA EXTRA SPECIAL SHOW FOR YA! NO ARMS-TOTALLY-NUDE-RETARD-BOUND-AND GAGGED-LOVE ACT! SEE IT HERE!



NOW FOR TORRID INTER-PLANETARY IN-OUT!! NO WAY JACK!!

BIG TRIP TO HOT SPOT TOURIST CENTER NOT PANNEING OUT WAY I THOT!!

PSSST.

HEY MR. MARTIAN, I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU - FORGET ALL THAT JIVE DRUGS AND SEX!

HOT DAMN!! IS NOTHING LIKE THIS BACK ON OL' COMMUNE

I WOULDNT KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN!

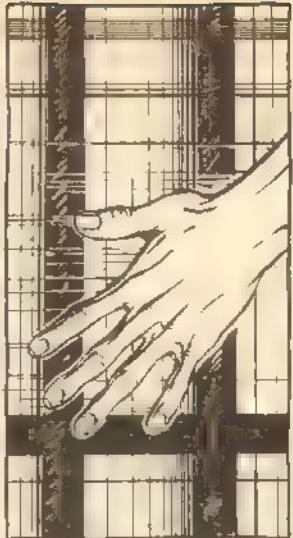
BUT IT'LL COST YA!

Paint "SAURE DROOZ"

END.

# TOURISM FROM THE RED PLANET





## SHIVER AND TWITCH





MY BODY MET  
THE TRUCK'S GRILL  
WITH AN IMPACT  
THAT LEFT ME  
AN UNSIGHTLY MESS...

SHIVER  
AND  
TWITCH

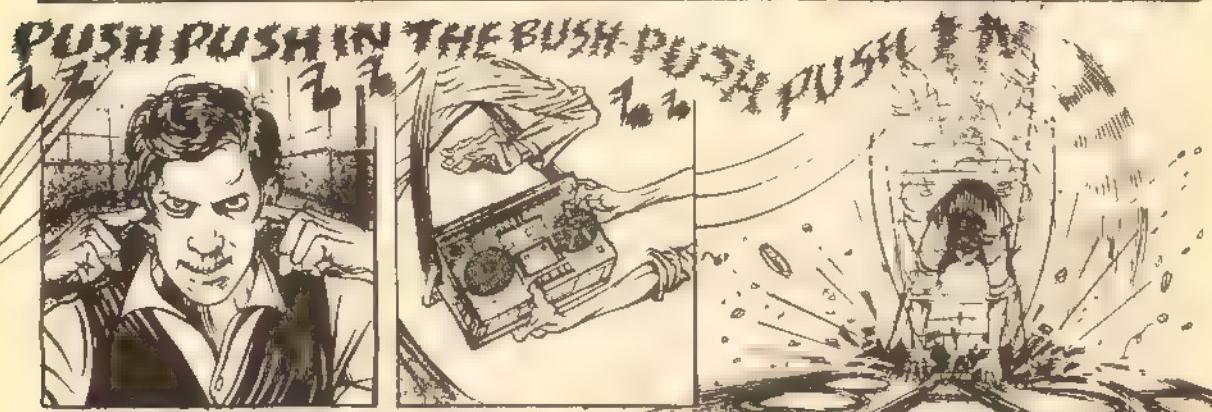




THE SOUND OF A HOLLOW CRUNCH BROUGHT THE ONCE HAPPY, EX-MOTHER OUT OF HER DAZE AND SHE BEGAN TO SCREAM....

## SHIVER AND TWITCH



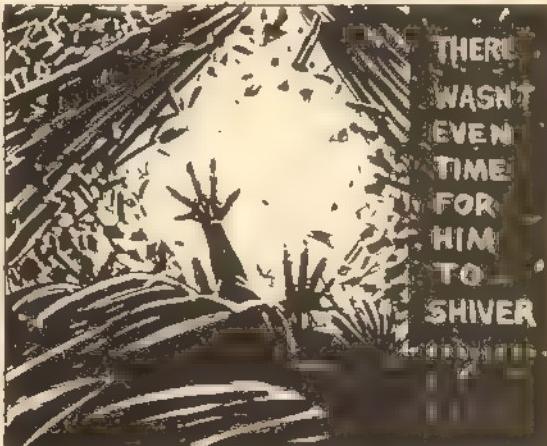


## SHIVER AND TWITCH

MUCH TO MY SURPRISE,  
AS HIS SWEaty FACE  
HIT THE RADIO'S  
EXPOSED CIRCUITS  
A HEAT-IN TRICK  
PLACE THAT WAS  
TO BE THE  
LAST DISC  
ON AN E...







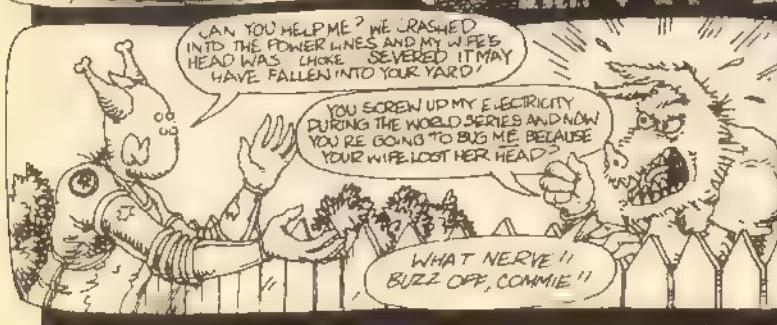
...and then there are  
those few who are actual-  
ly looking forward to the in-  
vasion...

...well at  
least we won't  
have to deal  
with Reagan!

STONED WOLF IN:

# CRASH DETH

VAL & MIA OF THE 83RD REGIONAL HUSBAND AND WIFE MARTIAN OCCUPATION FORCE EXPERIENCE A MECHANICAL MALFUNCTION WHILE ON A ROUTINE PATROL.



END

AT LEAST THE MARTIANS WERE HONEST.  
NO SOAP, NO TOWELS. JUST GAS.

NO MALICE, YOU UNDERSTAND. BUT  
NATIVE SENTIENTS JUST GET IN  
THE WAY OF THE JOB AT HAND—  
MINING ALL OF EARTH'S RESOURCES.

FURNITURE  
FILE'D

© 1980 STORY - JAN JAMES ART - JON RICH

# PRAYERS FROM A CLOSET

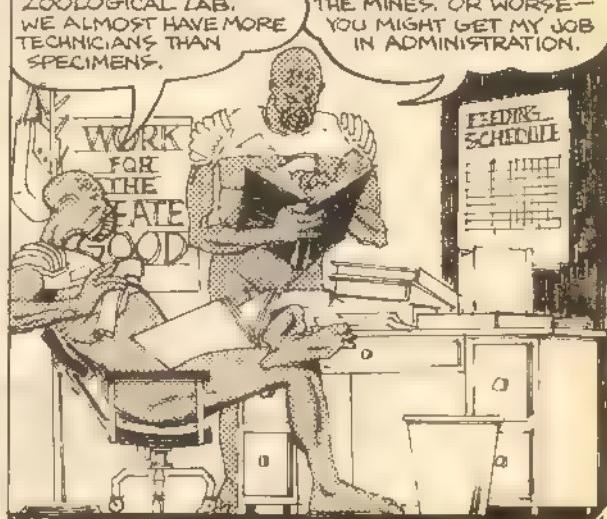
1980  
THE MARTIANS FIT RIGHT INTO THE  
HOUSING AND FURNITURE LEFT BEHIND.  
A LITTLE CRAMPED, BUT CLOSE  
ENOUGH THAT THE INVADERS DIDN'T  
HAVE TO PROVIDE THEIR OWN—  
A REAL SAVINGS

STILL DECODING THE HUMANS'  
RECORDS, I SEE, METTAR?

YES BRITTAM. I THOUGHT I'D TRY TO PUT  
THIS IN SOME LOGICAL ORDER. I'M SURE  
OUR ARCHIVISTS WILL FIND USE FOR THEM.

NO, IT'S JUST FOR  
MY SPARE TIME LITTLE  
ENOUGH TO DO IN THE  
ZOOLOGICAL LAB.  
WE ALMOST HAVE MORE  
TECHNICIANS THAN  
SPECIMENS.

LUCK OF THE ASSIGNMENT  
MAYBE NEXT CYCLE YOU'LL  
BE TRANSFERRED TO  
THE MINES. OR WORSE—  
YOU MIGHT GET MY JOB  
IN ADMINISTRATION.



MY "GREAT" TASK FOR NOW IS TO TRACK DOWN SOME MISSING LAB SPECIMENS... SMALL QUADRUPEDS POSSIBLY RAN OFF... MORE LIKELY MISCOUNTED.



STILL, THE INVENTORY MUST BE BALANCED. IT'S FOR THE GREATER GOOD.



THE GAS WAS GOOD WITH HUMANS MASSED TOGETHER. THE PROBLEM WAS, SOME HUMANS ACTUALLY REFUSED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MARTIAN EFFICIENCY. EXTERMINATING THEM WAS TRICKIER AND NOT AT ALL COST EFFECTIVE.

DING-A-LING!  
DING-A-LING!



DING-A-LING!  
DING-A-LING!

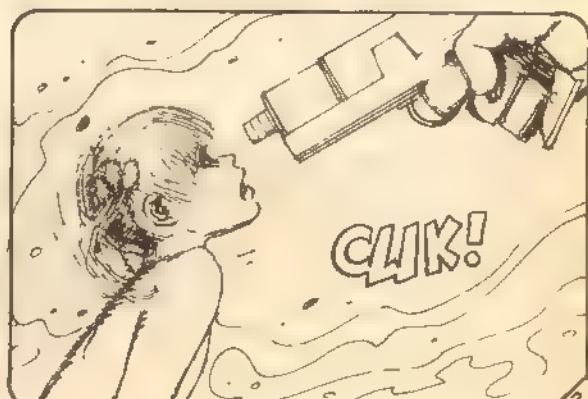
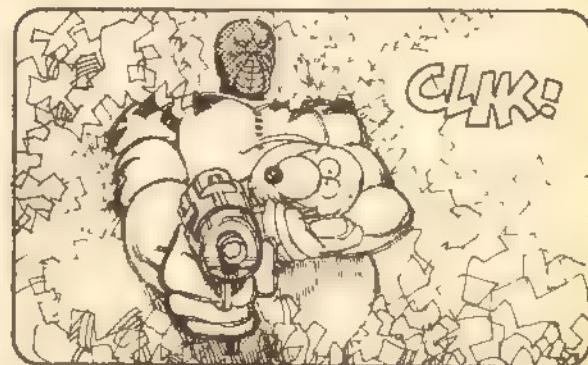
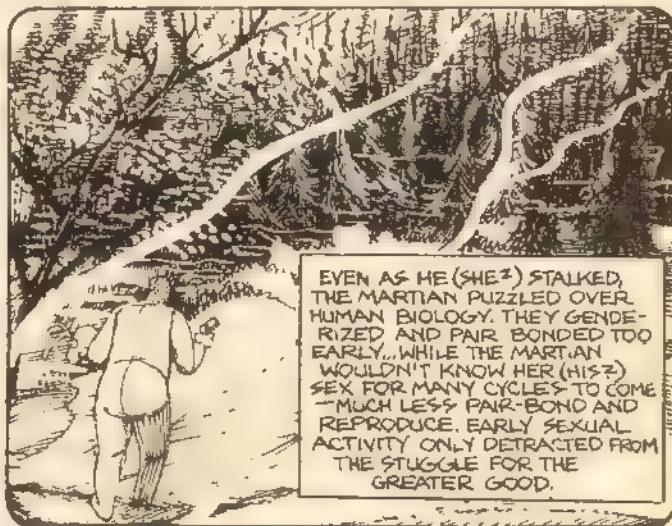


DING-A-LING!  
DING-A-LING!

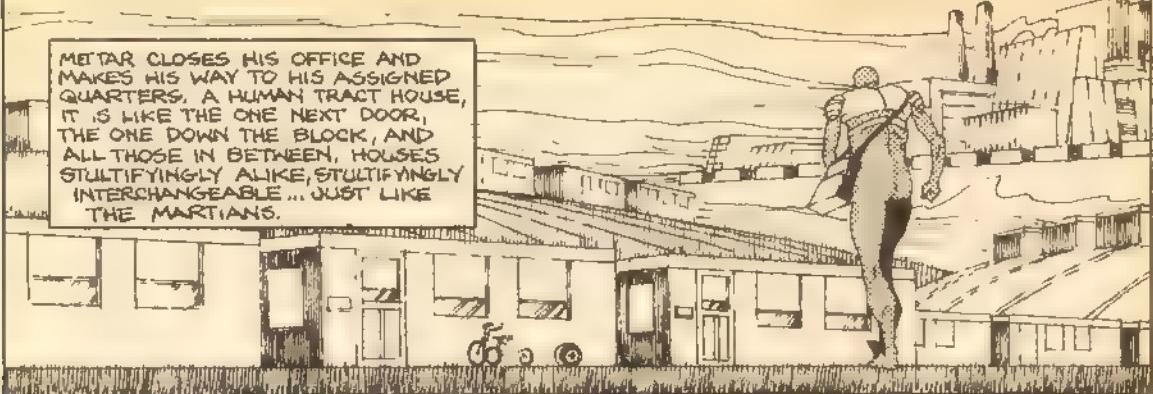
LOOK, MOMMA!  
A MUPPET! A MUPPET!

NO, RONNY!  
COME BACK!





METTAR CLOSES HIS OFFICE AND MAKES HIS WAY TO HIS ASSIGNED QUARTERS, A HUMAN TRACT HOUSE, IT IS LIKE THE ONE NEXT DOOR, THE ONE DOWN THE BLOCK, AND ALL THOSE IN BETWEEN, HOUSES STULTIFYINGLY ALIKE, STULTIFYINGLY INTERCHANGEABLE ... JUST LIKE THE MARTIANS.



...UNTIL NOW.

THE LORD, YOUR GOD, SAYS: COME FORTH, THAT YE MAY ENJOY THE BOUNTIFUL HARVEST HE PLACES BEFORE YOU



O LORD, BRINGER OF THE BOUNTY, I THANK THEE FOR THIS SUSTENANCE ... THAT I MAY CONTINUE TO PRAY TO YOU.

THIS IS METTARS, AND METTARS ALONE; SOMETHING SHE (HE?) AND NO OTHER MARTIAN COULD KNOW DIVINITY. HOW CLOSE HE (SHE?) CAME TO NEVER FINDING IT...



SPARE ME, O  
BRINGER OF  
DEATH...



...THAT I MAY PRAY TO YOU  
AND HAVE NO OTHER GOD  
BUT YOU.

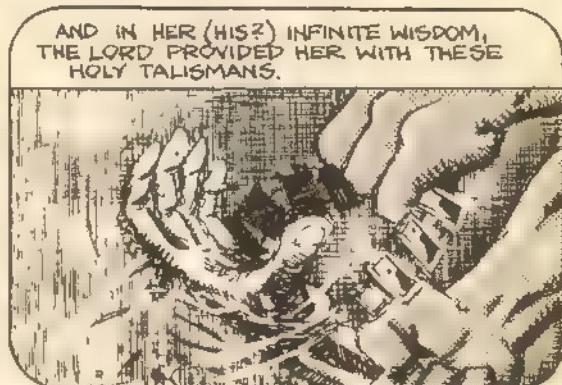


AND THE LORD LOOKED UPON HER WITH FAVOR, AND SPARED HER, THAT SHE MIGHT SING HIS (HER?) PRAISES ALL THE DAYS OF HER LIFE.

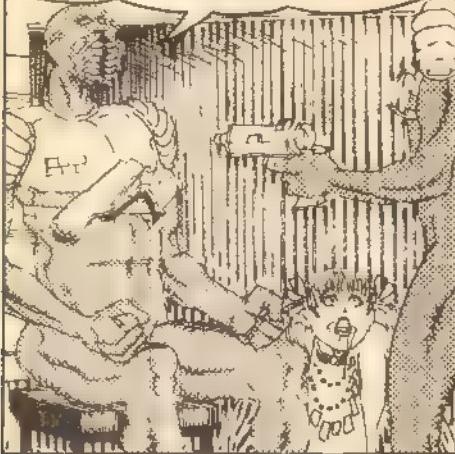


AND THE LORD GOD STUDIED LONG AND WELL, THAT SHE (HE?) MIGHT BE A WORTHY AND BENEFICENT DIETY.

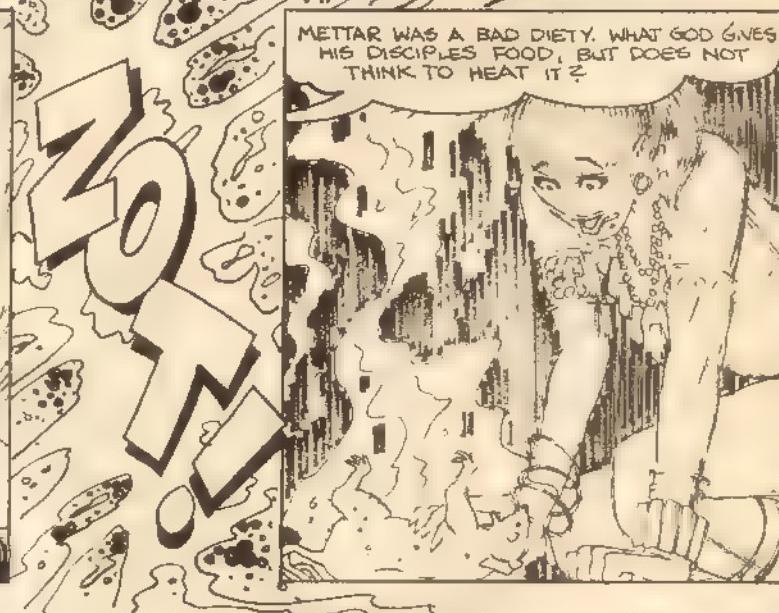




I AM BEYOND THE GREATER GOOD,  
AND NO LONGER LIKE YOU. I AM DIVINE;  
I KNOW THE GREATEST GOOD.



ZOT!



TRULY, HE WAS A FALSE GOD. I SHALL WORSHIP YOU, O BRINGER OF HEAT, AND HAVE NO OTHER GOD BUT YOU.



SOON, SHE WILL GO BACK INTO THE CLOSET TO COMPOSE NEW PRAYERS, BUT SHE IS CONTENT. SHE KNOWS THAT, IF TRAINED CORRECTLY, GODS MAKE GOOD SERVANTS





IT CAME IN FROM SOMEWHERE OUT BACK OF PLUTO, ZOOMING IN  
LIKE A MAD KAMIKAZE, LIKE MOBY DICK IN THE SKY! (OLD PROF  
ZAP FROM THE INSTITUTE THEORIZED THAT IT HAD SLIPPED OVER FROM  
A NEGATIVE UNIVERSE...SLIPPED OVER THROUGH A BLACK HOLE) —



# ROGUE COMET

IT PULVERIZED PHOBOS AND CAREENED OFF THE NORTHERN POLAR CAP OF MARS, BREAKING UP AND SCATTERING DEBRIS OVER THE INNER PLANETS — INCLUDING EARTH — THEN DIED LIKE THE 4TH OF JULY IN THE SUN — WHAT'A SHOW!



(C)81 by J. MICHAEL LEONARD

AND IT WASN'T LIKE EARTH DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ECOLOGICAL TROUBLE — POLLUTION, TOXIC WASTES, OZONE NEARLY GONE — THE DEBRIS SPATTERED INTO OUR ATMOSPHERE BY THE ROGUE COMET WAS MAINLY NITROGEN, AMMONIA, ARGON AND CARBON DIOXIDE !

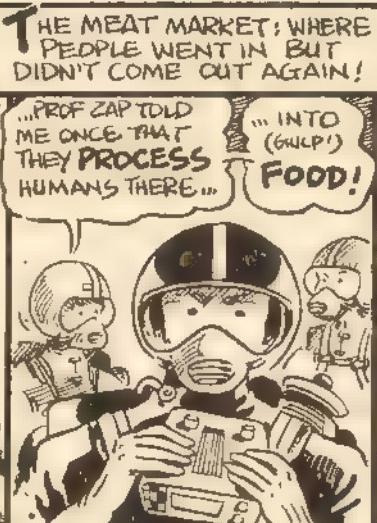
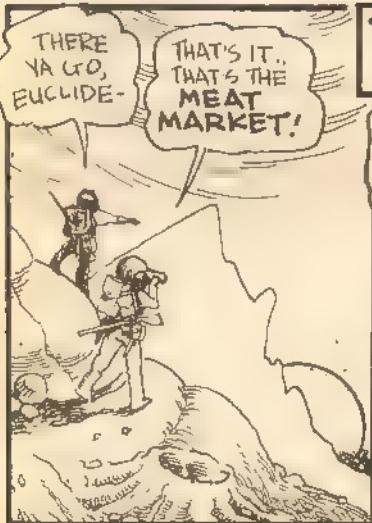


THEN CAME THE MARTIANS LIKE HORNETS OUT OF A SHOCK-UP NEST, SWARMING OVER OUR WORLD...PICKING US OFF...CARTING US AWAY...



**WE WERE EASY PREY, TOO... THE ARMY  
WAS HOPELESSLY INEFFECTIVE...  
EARTH HAD NO FIGHT LEFT, NO SPIRIT...  
MANKIND'S ONLY HOPE WAS OLD PROF  
ZAP: DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD  
SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE. ZAP RALLIED  
THE W.S.I. IN-HOUSE SECURITY  
FORCES AND FORMULATED A PLAN TO  
STRIKE BACK AT THE INVADERS!**

**UNFORTUNATELY, IT WASN'T MUCH OF A  
CONTEST... AFTER ONLY 2 WEEKS, 90%  
OF THE SECURITY FORCES HAD BEEN WIPEP  
OUT ALONG WITH OUR MENTOR, OLD PROF  
ZAP: VICTIMS OF THE INFAMOUS "MEAT  
MARKET"! THAT LEFT THE THREE OF US -  
MYSELF, BOS AND WILLY - LAUNCHING ONE  
LAST DESPERATE ASSAULT AGAINST  
THE MARSHIES!!!**





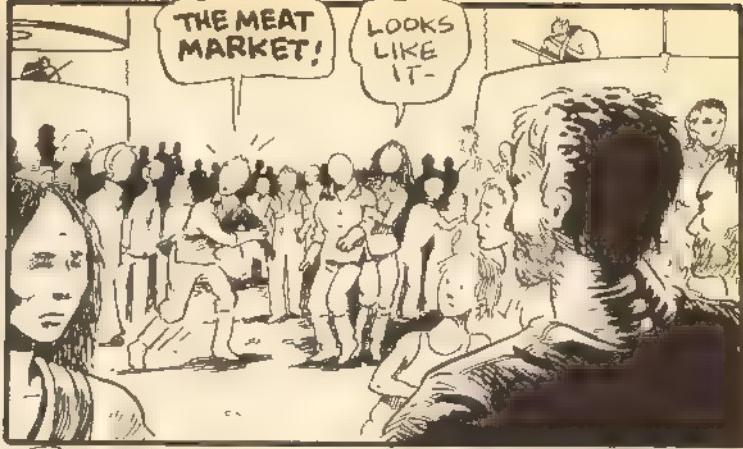
SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKE!  
THERE WAS A VAGUE  
FEELING OF MOTION...

WE'RE ALIVE,  
EUCLIDE -  
THEY WERE  
USING  
STUNNERS -



THE MEAT  
MARKET!

LOOKS  
LIKE  
IT -



THEN - WE  
FAILED! MY  
GOD, WE NEVER  
EVEN FIRED  
A SHOT!

WE DID OUR  
BEST! WE  
JUST GOT A  
BAD BREAK,  
IS ALL.

IT'S ALL  
HIS  
FAULT!  
THE MAD  
OLD HATTER!

EASY, BOS -  
THAT WON'T  
DO US ANY  
GOOD NOW.

AS WE STOOD THERE, DISHEARTENED,  
THE FEELING OF MOTION STOPPED...  
THERE WAS A HIGH PITCHED WHINE  
AND THE CRAZY FAT GUY  
STARTED LEVITATING!



THEN WE WERE ALL  
LIFTED... CARRIED  
ALOFT BY SOME INVISIBLE  
FORCE FIELD!

WE PASSED THRU  
THE WALLS OF THE  
MEAT MARKET, DRIFT-  
ING EARTHWARD...

EARTHWARD? IT WASN'T EARTH! AND I  
KNEW THEN - WHERE EVER I WAS - I'D  
NEVER SEE EARTH AGAIN! WE LANDED  
LIKE SNOWFLAKES AND MADE OUR WAY  
OVER TO THE STRANGE SETTLEMENT...



IT'S THE LAST PLACE I  
WOULD HAVE EXPECTED  
TO FIND A FAMILIAR  
FACE, BUT...

PROF ZAP?  
WHY, IT'S  
EUCLIDE...



PROF ZAP!  
I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT'S YOU!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?  
WHERE  
ARE WE?

EASY,  
MY BOY...  
YOU'RE  
ON  
MARS



MARS  
??  
I DON'T  
UNDER-  
STAND

IT WAS A DES-  
PERATE PLAN OF  
ACTION BY THE  
MARSHIES -  
PULLED BOTH  
OUR RACES OUT  
OF THE  
CRAPPER!



AND AS I FOUGHT TO ABSORB THE ENORMITY OF EVENTS, PROF ZAP EXPLAINED THE WHY AND HOW OF THE WHOLE THING...

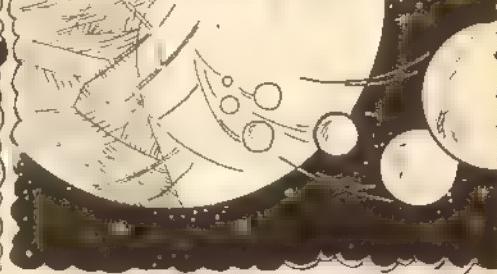
"WHEN THE ROGUE COMET SLAMMED INTO MARS, IT KNOCKED THE WHOLE PLANET SIDEWAYS IN ORBIT... GOT LI TO SPINNING FASTER..."



"...INCREASED THE ESCAPE VELOCITY... POLAR CAPS STEAMED... VOLCANOES BLEW OUT HOT IRON OXIDE GAS... GRAVITY GOT HEAVIER, HELD IT ALL IN..."

"THE MARSHIES WOKE UP ONE DAY AND FOUND ALL THAT GOOD CO<sub>2</sub> THEY LOVED TO BREATHE WAS TURNING INTO OXYGEN!"

"WITH CASUALTIES IN THE MILLIONS, THEY ORGANIZED AND LAUNCHED A SUCCESSFUL INVASION AGAINST US! NOT TO CONQUER, BUT TO SWAP -MARS FOR THE EARTH!"



EARTH! WITH THE UNBREATHABLE AIR AND DISSIPATED ATMOSPHERE - IT HAS BECOME THE PERFECT HOME FOR THEM!

AND MARS - IT'S NOW LIKE A PRISTINE EARTH! UNPOLLUTED... CLEAN...

OF COURSE WE WERE DULY MOVED AND WAXED PHILOSOPHICAL, AND WE VOWED TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD FOR OURSELVES AS WELL AS FUTURE GENERATIONS!



...ALL THAT HAPPENED SOME FIFTY-ODD YEAR AGO, AND I FIGURE, IF NOTHING ELSE, MAYBE WE SURVIVORS LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT NATURAL BALANCE AND THE SANCTITY OF LIFE...



...OR NOT-

ETC.

A COMIC

BY

REVLO

HELLO. MY NAME IS HOLLY. IN JULY,  
A GROUP OF COMMIES FROM MARS  
MOVED IN WITH OUR FAMILY.



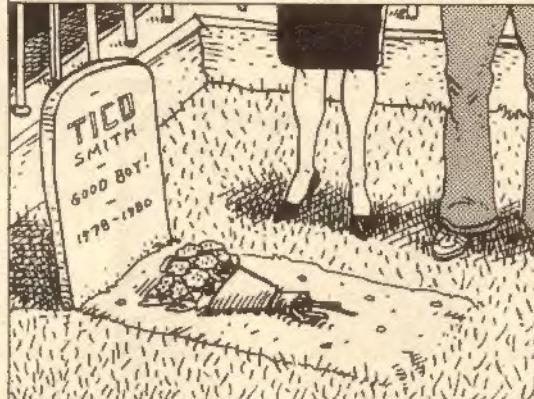
AT FIRST, THEY SEEMED QUITE  
AMUSING! THEIR DASHING GOOD  
LOOKS AND REPARTEE CLODED  
OUR MINDS TO THE REAL TRUTH!!



WE CLOSED OUR  
EYES TO MANY  
STRANGE THINGS!



UNTIL ONE DAY WE FOUND THEM  
IN THE KITCHEN. THEY WERE  
TAKING TURNS PLOOKING THE  
FAMILY DOG. OUR BELOVED TICO.



LATER THAT DAY,  
GRANDPA'S SHELL  
WENT SOFT.



WITHIN THREE WEEKS OF THEIR ARRIVAL,  
ALL FAMILY MEMBERS (INCLUDING  
MALES) WERE VERY PREGNANT!!



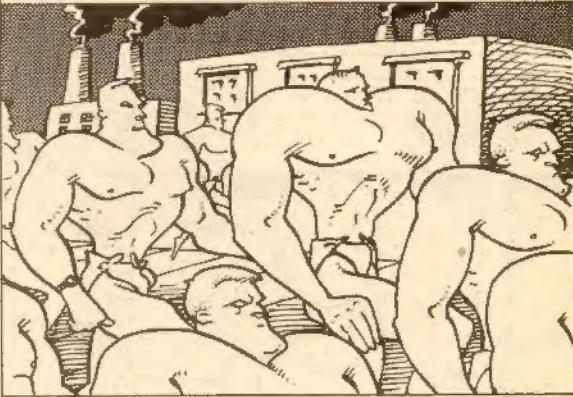
AFTER THAT, THE SITUATION BECAME  
RATHER UGLY! THE COMMIES WENT  
OUT AND BOUGHT THEMSELVES  
SOME DESIGNER JEANS!!!



OKAY, OKAY!! I LIED ABOUT THAT PART! BUT MOST OF THE REST OF IT IS TRUE. I SWEAR IT, REALLY!!



LAST WEDNESDAY, THE PREGNANT ONES IN OUR FAMILY ALL GAVE BIRTH AT 2:00 IN THE AFTERNOON. BY 7:30 THAT EVENING, ALL THE BABIES WERE FULL-GROWED!!



AND NOW WE TAKE YOU TO ANOTHER COMIC ALREADY IN PROGRESS.....

OH PROMISE ME YOUR UNDYING LOVE YOU BIG-DICKED BEAST!!

TAKE IT ALL MY PRINCESS!!!



AND SO, THE AGE OF THE DINOSAUR CAME TO A CLOSE. AND NOW, THIS IS JACK KENNEDY SAYING "JEEZ THE GROUND WAS COLD THIS MORNING!"



ANSWER: MEN ARE ALL ALIKE !!!

### ★ STUDENT QUESTIONNAIRE!! ★

1. REMEMBER THE MAN WHO WAS RUNNING FROM THE BANK? WHAT COLOR WAS HIS AURA?  YES  NO
2. DID YOU REMEMBER TO SAY THANKS FOR YOUR LAST EPISODE OF INTERCOURSE?? YES  NO
3. DO YOU FAVOUR THE DEAF PENALTY?? YES  NO  WHAT?
4. THE NICE THING ABOUT COMMIES FROM MARS IS THAT THEY'RE NEVER PERT OR PERKY. YES  NO

(SIGN HERE)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

SIZE \_\_\_\_\_ STATUS \_\_\_\_\_

# SAVE the CHILDREN

...from the capitalist media mechanism of lies! It is your responsibility to fashion their young unshaped minds and give them the knowledge needed to build the future!

## AGRARIAN COMRADES



## MILITARY BRETHREN



## FELLOW WORKERS



STUDY THESE WORKS CAREFULLY! YOU MUST BE AN ADULT (AGE 18) TO PURCHASE THESE MAGAZINES! DIRECT ACCESS, BY YOUTH, TO THE INFORMATION AND IMAGES THEY CONTAIN IS FORBIDDEN!!!

COMMIES FROM MARS #2 - BOESELL, POUND, HANSON, EMERSON, KERRI, LEONARD, IRONS, HANSEN \$1.25  
COMMIES FROM MARS #3 ... \$1.50

S.F. COMICS #6 GEBBE SIEGEL & SHUSTER \$1.50  
DOPIN' DAN #4 TED RICHARDS ... \$1.50  
Locaine Comics #2 ED. BY GEORGE D. LARICO \$1.50  
TITS + CLITS #6 DR. ATOMIC #6 YOUNG LUST #6  
DR. ATOMIC #6 LARRY TODD \$1.50  
YOUNG LUST #6 KINNEY, IRONS, GEBBE \$2.25  
ZIPPY #3 BILL GRIFFITH \$2.25  
NO DOODLES #1 \$1.00 #2 ... \$1.25 (Funny animals)  
ANARCHY #1-\$1.00 #2-\$1.25

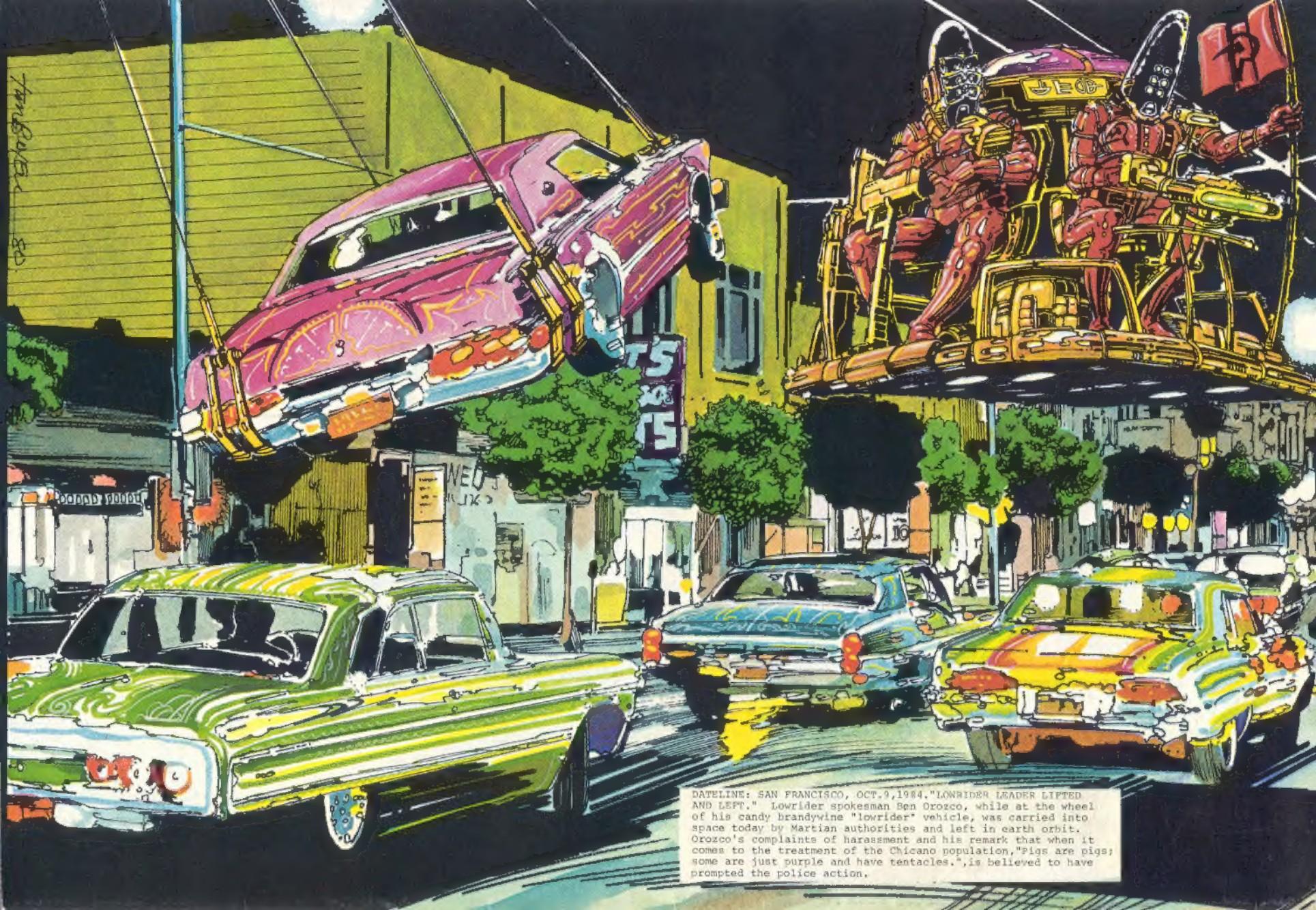
YOUR STATEMENT OF ENLIGHTENED MATURITY -  
I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OLD AND I WANT TO CORRECT  
MY POLITICS! SIGNED -  
MY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
MY ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING COMIX:

COMMIES FROM MARS #2  #3  S.F. COMIK #6   
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DATELINE: SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 9, 1984. "LOWRIDER LEADER LIFTED AND LEFT." Lowrider spokesman Ben Orozco, while at the wheel of his candy brandywine "lowrider" vehicle, was carried into space today by Martian authorities and left in earth orbit. Orozco's complaints of harassment and his remark that when it comes to the treatment of the Chicano population, "Pigs are pigs; some are just purple and have tentacles.", is believed to have prompted the police action.